

*The Historie*

witche with the rogues companie. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make mee loue him, ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hall, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, ile starue ere ile rob a foote further, and twere not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-man, and to leaue these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is three-score and ten myles a foote with mee, and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another:

*They whistle,*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horse you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd:

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, laie thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou canst heare the treade of trauellers.

*Falst.* Haue you any leauers to list me vp againe being down, zbloud ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre a foote againe for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prin.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Falst.* I preethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

*Prin.* Out ye rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Falst.* Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters, if I be tane, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthie tunes, let a cuppe of sacke bee my poyson, when a ieast is so forward, and a foote too I hate it.

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gad.* Stand. *Falst.* So I do against my will.

*Po.* Otis our setter, I know his voice, Bardoll, what newes.

*Bar.* Cae yee, cae yee on with your vizards, theres money of the kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Falst.* You lie ye rougue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* Theres inough to make vs all:

*Falst.* To be hangd.

*Prin.* Sirs you foure shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes, and I wil walke lower, if they scape from your encount-

ter

*of Henrie the fourth.*

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* Zounds will they not rob vs?

*Prin.* What, a coward sir Iohn paunch.

*Fal.* In deed I am not Iohn of Gaunt your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hall.

*Prin.* Well, we leaue that to the prooffe.

*Po.* Sirha Iacke, thy horse standes behinde the hedge, when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him: farewell & stand fast.

*Fal.* Now can not I strike him if I should be hangd.

*Prin.* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Po.* Here, hard by, stand close.

*Fal.* Now my maisters, happie man bee his dole, say I, euerie man to his businesse. *Enter the trauailers.*

*Trauel.* Come neighbour, the boy shal lead our horses down the hill, wee le walke a foote a while and ease our legs.

*Theeues.* Stand. *Trauel.* Iesus bleffe vs.

*Falst.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates, a horelon Caterpillars, bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O we are vudone, both we and ours for euer.

*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone, no yee fatte chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons on, what yee knaues yong men must liue, you are grand iurers, are ye, wee le iure ye faith.

*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

*Enter the prince and Poynes.*

*Prin.* The theeues haue bound the true men, now we coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merilie to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

*Po.* Stand close, I heare them comming:

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fal.* Come my maisters, let vs share and then to horse before day, and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrant cowardes, theres no equitie stirring, theres no more valour in that Poynes, then in a wilde ducke.

*Prin,*